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*Psalm ii.*

BY PROF. T. H. RICH, D.D.

*(The Seer.)*

WHY do the nations rage,  
 And peoples plot an idle thing !  
 Kings of the earth array themselves,  
 And princes have in consultation sat,  
 Against Jehovah, and against his Christ :  
 "Come ! let us burst their bonds asunder,  
 And hurl from us their twisted cords !"

*(Jehovah.)*

Who dwelleth in the heavens doth laugh ;  
 The Lord doth mock at them.  
 Then shall He to them in his anger speak,  
 And disconcert them in his wrath :  
 "But I have set my king  
 On Zion, mountain of my holiness."

*(The Divine King.)*

I fain would tell of a decree !  
 Jehovah said to me : "Thou art my Son,  
 This day have *I* begotten thee ;  
 Ask of me, and I will nations give for thine inheritance,  
 And for thy possession, the remotest bounds of earth.  
 Thou shalt rule them with a rod of iron ;  
 Like a potter's vessel, them to pieces dash."

*(The Seer.)*

And now, O kings, be wise !  
 Admonished be, O judges of the earth !  
 Serve ye Jehovah reverently,  
 And tremblingly rejoice.  
 Kiss the Son, lest he angry be,  
 And ye perish by the way ;  
 For his anger suddenly may burn.  
 The blessedness of all who hide in Him !